

4.24.05 6:30 pm

Rt 81 approaching Cadzow

Dear Peter,

I wonder whether you remember Papa getting ready for a diet lunch, peeling his own apple with his pen knife as he sat at that strange improvised lunch counter in the Bayview St. Kitchen? He was often delighted at the length of the peel that he could produce. A hard year in Kinnaird I encouraged Nathaniel & Benjamin to peel apples - using newfangled peeling "knives". At home in Belmont, they are usually "too busy" to do this, but in Kinnaird, where there are fewer competing interests, they often have the humor for such productive entertainment. Nathaniel's apples went into vegetable ~~chicken~~^{apple} salad, enhanced with walnut nuggets. Benjamin helped with chicken/apple salad, also cutting up pieces of chicken. That way he gets more chicken too. In my mind I remember Papa's citation of the passage in Proverbs (?) how one must not "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

That's what he said when he 7/24/05
(2)
noticed mother sampling her kitchen
preparations - perhaps more generously
than was really conducive to weight
control. In Appalachia, where we have
just spent the April School ~~vacation~~
Vacation week, Obesity in children &
adults is worse than any section of Massachusetts.
As I looked for a quick exit from an
early morning shopping expedition I noticed
that the widest ^{supermarket} aisle, momentarily ^{unoccupied} ~~empty~~
was that where popcorn, potato chips &
soft drinks were stocked. Three shopping carts
^{abreast} could easily pass each other.

Peter, I know that you have some
acquaintance with salamanders, turtles. Are you also
knowledgeable concerning spring peepers ^{and} tree
toads? These early spring evenings I hear shrill
trilling sounds from a wet ^{gully} near the Kinnaroch
house, and ~~peepers~~ nearby from trees: sharp,
(with distinct intervals) differentiated bird-like peeps. To Kinnaroch
natives these seem to be "background music"
of less relevance than the abominable
clamor piped into ^{the} supermarket aisles. Can you ^{give me the name of a} ~~hardbook~~

4/24/05 To Peter ③

During the past week when I was so busy with the visit of Klemens, Liana and the children; then after they left preparing for ^{other visitors} ~~another visit~~ in May, I had no time to be outdoors except in the long evening hours; Kennarock is so far west that I could walk several times around the house until after 8 pm, listening to the night sounds of the ^{never} ~~unseen~~ peepers and tree toads. Occasionally to whistles called, or I heard a few phrases of robin's song reminding me of early childhood's puzzled appreciation - a time that I did not know which bird sang that song. ~~If~~ When - if - our guests, The Loring's, come to stay in Kennarock about May 15-16th perhaps I can learn a little more about bird identification by song. Thomas Loring is a bird watcher and to a lesser extent so is his wife, whose house on Nantucket has been loaned to us three times this winter. In the spring-summer-fall it rents for \$4000 per week! Although I know where to look for wild flowers, I

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Knew very little about the birds

Here I
fell
asleep

We have just stopped at
the last Rest Area in the Pocomoke -
just before one of those funny/poetic
signs: Lords Valley / Dingmans Ferry
The next landmarks are Matamoros (12/noon)
and Port Jervis on the Delaware River.

Tonight Jochen is to re-examine/advise
a patient with malignant glaucoma, successfully
controlled medically for many years and
perhaps unsuccessfully controlled by
recent surgery - by another ophthalmologist.

I do our laundry, unpack, repack
for a shorter trip to Nantucket, where
Jochen has a hearing ~~to~~ before
the Board of Selectmen concerning his
problems with the Nant. Historic District
Commission. We spend ~~the~~ ^{Wed} night in
the Lorings elegant house and use her
car to go out to our land, remove
the marker poles and I hope find
trailing arbutus in fragrant bloom. I saw
the leaves, oval ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{leathery}, in the fall. I think of
you daily and especially when painful spasms awaken me
are fragrant